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THE

Poet's Glance

OF

KINGSTON SCENES.

BY

J. T. BREEZE,

PICTON, C. W.

1864.

To John Creighton, Esq., Mayor of Kingston.

SIR,—

The undersigned begs, most humbly, the honor to dedicate the following pages to your Worship, in view, Sir, of those high endowments of mind, and those qualities of sterling worth that beam so lustrously in your Worship's character, and which have induced the public of Kingston to distinguish you as their Mayor, which office your Worship has so admirably filled. Long may you live to evince that inflexible adherence to right and truth that has characterized your mind, till all those noble qualities be called to shine in a world of ineffable bliss and purity.

I have the honor to subscribe myself

Your Worship's obedient and humble servant,

JAMES THOS. BREEZE.

KINGSTON, JULY 19, 1864.

TO THE READER,—

The author of the following pages would beg the reader's indulgence to the poem, inasmuch as he had only been in the City about three or four days to make his inquiries and complete it. If he has left any important things out of the work it was not designedly, but owing to either his lack of information respecting, or utter ignorance of them.

Yours truly,

J. T. BREEZE.

KINGSTON SCENES.

My seat aloft encaged in Kingston Hall,
Here sits supreme on this terraqenous ball
An humble bard, as he sat once before
In old Saint Paul's superb, on England's shore;
Where whisper galleries and aloud proclaim
Those hallowed thoughts we weaved in language tame,
Which we concealed from the world's eager ear,
But of't resort to tell some cherished here.
We breathed our thoughts in timorous words and low,—
But to surprise! they each resound below;
React aloft to terrify the heart,
And cause it then with hallowed blushes smart.
This dome reminds our happy muse of days
When first her harp sent forth its humble lays,
And sang of love or other passions strong;
That thrilled the breast, and burned then from my tongue.
Yea, 'mid those scenes, my soul in wondrous maze
Did cast around its wild and raptured gaze,
That brought new wonders on my timrous soul,
Where music dwells, and waves of passions roll.
Unlike the scenes of my bright childhood's hours,
These broke in awe upon my mental powers,
And touch'd the muse to kindle all her fire
That sparkled then upon her new-born lyre.

In scenes alike my wing may gently soar
O'er this sweet land, and all its lustre pour,
To honor all the wonders that arise,
And moves my breast beneath these silvery skies.
Nor deigns my muse to ask old Jove to shower
His gracious dew upon my mental power;
His fallen throne and blasted ancient shrine
No aid can give to move this pen of mine.
I cry alone to heaven's eternal sire
My sacred song, and all my soul to inspire,

That I aright may wield my youthful pen
To charm some hearts with music once again.
Say first, my song, of this delightful place,
How nature's store bestrewed in richest grace,
And scattered glories with her generous hand
In bright array around this happy land.
How thick the isles that stud this silvery lake,
Where billows roar, and wildest surges break;
That once a bard immortalized in song,
And tuned his harp as with an angel tongue,
And wrought a gem that evermore will shine
Around their brow in lustre all divine.
But why, sweet bard, forget the works of man,
Whose wondrous powers do strive God's work to span,
And labor on some monuments to raise,
That Heaven may own, and mortal powers praise;
The contrast wide, infinite doth appear,
'Tween days of yore when Indian Chiefs roamed here,
And sued the frightened deer in agile race
Through forest wide, and kept an equal pace;
And these bright days of art and mental power
Which raise their heads and now so princely tower,
And would dare climb to the eternal skies
By Babel towers, that in like pride arise.
Two centuries near, have swept across these shores
Since Frontenac came paddling with his ores;
Four hundred men embarked in his canoes
To affiright his foes, and build here what he choose;
A massive fort, those days of strength and might,
Where stealthy arms had always will to fight;
And lustre threw around the monarch's throne
That Indian tribes may his great sceptre own.
Those days were omens that threw shadows far—
Forerunners then of the bright glorious star
Which shone abroad these shores all to apprise,
And promise fair this land to civilize.
The growth of mind drew in its lengthened train
The growth of all that's great on sea or plain.
How wondrous are, beneath these spacious skies,
These mighty domes which dazzle 'fore our eyes,
That here remain as monuments of power
To honor man, and mind for evermore.

The Town Hall.

Beneath my feet, in dreadful grandieur, lies
Their spacious hall, the stranger's eye to apprise;
Of might, and power, and firmness to defy
All foreign foes, and their pride terrify.
It looks apace o'er the extended lake
Where battling arms the soldiers weapons shake.
Let thunders roar and cannon fragments fly,
And lightnings glare to illume the troubled sky;
Columbia's shore may, perhaps, be rent in twain,
And earthquake shocks move the embattled plain;
Yet here, no fears can move this massive hall,
Nor cause its stone or pillars vast to fall.
They stand colossal, like that master mind
Who roamed abroad those weighty funds to find—
That raised on high its gracious front to view,
In splendor great, and majesty so true.
One flight of stairs will lead the stranger's feet
To the right wing, where splendid paintings meet
Of worthies once raised by degrees to power,
And here embalmed in memory every hour.
John A. supreme among those worthies stand,
His graceful form and well projected hand
Would quick transfer the poet's burning eye
To Grecian shores, where the immortals lie;
Whose tongues of fire, and hearts of living flame
Have left behind more than immortal fame.
Our rising Greece may boast of eloquence
Akin to that which swelled in floods from thence,
And thine John A., or Alpha, first in fame;
Upon these shores where rings thine honored name,
Let this thy shade tell the wide world apart
Of thy vast power o'er the Canadian heart,
And linger here a proof of all thy worth,
O'ershadowing too thy various talents forth.

THE BARRACKS.

In front mine eyes in towering might do rise,
Two Barracks strong, where watch their countless eyes
Turning in pride, and betimes jealously,

To Northern States to find some enemy;
But quartered here they may defy the storm
Now pending o'er that lovely land to alarm.
Lord Russell's here, a veteran English soul,
Their Lieutenant doth their wide range control,
Inspiring deep true-love and loyalty
To Britain's throne, that guards our liberty;
They gather gems to stud the Royal Crown
That shines afar of lustre all its own.
May benign heaven e'er bless our British throne,
And our loved Queen who stands there now alone,
Still to bemoan the loved one of her heart
Whom heaven, in love, bid from earth's scenes depart.
To shine above in princely grandeur there,
'Mid joys perennial, no song can declare.

THE COURT HOUSE.

And here alike in wide dimensions rear
A similar wonder 'fore the eye to appear,
Its vast proportions towering to the sky,
Lifting its noble brow to scenes on high.
Spreading its arms to front the dashing tide,
Their Court House grand in bloom of modern pride;
Six pillars rise, supporting its proud head,
Where England's coat of arms in brass is laid.
Where Horsey's mind of giant portions shined,
With lasting fame around his name entwined;
Within its walls the tutored minds of law
Do wonderings hosts by eloquence here draw.
And plead aright, or peradventure, wrong,
In gifted strains worthy some angel tongue;
Here intrigues, vast, unravalled one by one,
And clouds disperse that hung when they begun.
And justice laboring finds her clearest way
From deepest gloom to light of moral day;
And praise divine is gained by talents bright,
That brought the truth from dark Egyptian night.
To light in power, to lustre all divine,
Its heavenly truth in lasting glories shine;
They well may know the workings of man's heart.

Unthread its twists mysterious each apart,
And have rewards of amaranthine gain
To bless their deed and all their laboring pain.

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

My burning eye turned westward, on to gaze
Whate'er may meet its vision's wild t' amaze,
And saw there dwell upon the rising hill
A College Hall that did my bosom thrill,
In view of days I long'd to wander there,
And its vast wealth of knowledge wide to share;
Deprived of this, my soul turned back within
Its own recesses, drinking knowledge in.
Where thought fed thought, and taught it strength to grow
With equal power to know what others know;
No wonder then a thrill pervades my breast
As gazing there where mental giants rest.
Its name is dear to every youthful mind
Whose powers were trained and by it disciplined;
It polished bright, as well as raised their souls
To angel grandieur that the truth controls.
What could be done, it doth, to raise on high,
Its generous powers, deep truths doth each supply
That drink its streams to quench the thirsty pain
Of every heart that tries these truths to gain;
It only asks the aid and force of will
With laboring thoughts the mental ground to till;
But, what? it sows the truths of science pure
In powers where they eternally endure,
To bless the soul with wealth no thief can steal—
No strength repel nor princely power repeal—
No power can burn nor no catastrophe
Can shake thy breast or fright this friend from thee,
Its hand can bless though poverty may stare
A monster grim, and thou its terrors share;
Yea, it survives the elements of war,
Of burning world when falls heaven's brightest star,
And bloom immortal 'round the throne of God,
There, there, baptized by Calvary's precious blood.

THE HOSPITAL.

Nor are those left who need compassions aid,
But every care and love's devotion's paid
By christian hearts on whom Christ's truth hath shone,
Which power our hearts can touch, and that alone.
Canadian hearts, like Christian England dear,
Whose child thou art, wer't taught to shed a tear;
When human woe did meet thy tender eye
Thy ready heart their wants did soon supply;
And here is raised the hospital, which name
Means every good to poor and blind and lame;
These objects once of Jesus' gen'rous soul,
And while on earth their deep wants did control
By that divine benignity which said
"The poor ye have alway" to ask for bread.
This house doth stand a proof of Kingston's love
To those commands given us by Christ above,
Who left his throne man's wants once to supply,
And deigned for us to suffer bleed and die,
And taught us truths still sacred to his throne,
And to that heart which bled for man alone,
To teach ours bleed and mitigate the woe
And sorrows grave that rise from sin below.

Watkins Wing.

Nor least will one, when Christ in glory 'l come
To gather all his ransom'd children home,
Stand by his side to take a bright reward
For noble deeds done here for Christ the Lord;
Bestrewed o'er earth 'mid poverty and woe
God's people are, with various wants below,
But thy vast wealth, as some good steward should,
Is freely given in love to them and God;
One thousand pounds, to thee an humble mite,
Was given in love to build this wing aright.
Then Watkins live, thy name by thousands blessed,
And yet by heaven in everlasting rest.

THE PROVINCIAL PENITENTIARY.

A mile away from busy scenes of strife,
Where clangs the noise of City's public life,
Dwells by the shores of Cataraqui wave
Where billows roll and gentle surges lave,
A massive wall doth sweep in circle 'round
The works of art that grace the solemn ground;
Bestrewed that wall with one-half dozen towers
Where watchmen's eyes do guard through patient hours
The scenes below that moves the poet's heart,
And bids pure tears form out their sockets start,
And wakes the breast with feelings deep within,
As viewing scenes, the monuments of sin.
Be tame, my muse, nor break in passions wild,
Nor any strains but that of language mild,
Here daily meet in dreadful contrasts wide
Strong virtue's waves and sins malignant tide;
Here groan the hearts that foulest crime hath stained,
And reap rewards deluded victims gained.
Its central hall doth raise its dome on high,
Pillowing in peace its summit in the sky,
And happy too, unconscious of the woe
Of human breasts that beat so swift below.
It throws abroad its open wings so wide
A solid mass that threats there to abide,
Until no more will earthly prisons need
Enclose man's guilt, or hide his sinful deed.
The northern wing, the veteran Warden's home,
All bright arrayed beneath the massive dome,
On his aged brow the hand of time has wove
Those garlands bright of pure and humane love.
The poet's hand was grasped by a warm glow
Which it betrayed, did through his spirit flow,
But yet, those eyes have shades of firm resolve
Revealing clear what powers within revolve
To punish crime, that wisdom in his mind
And vast experience would dictate and bind.
Yet eye's that throne which he some day must face,
And stand himself with all the human race
Before that Judge, his office to resign,
As worlds will fall and stars all cease to shine.
Those massive wings that stretch the distant way

Have ample room to hold by night or day
Eight hundred souls, that sins deluded power
May hither bring to shelter any hour.

S. G. Murray, *Deputy Warden.*

And their's one heart my pen will proudly name
Whose gen'rous soul is warm with living flame
Of sympathies pure to the dejected poor
As they depart and liberty secure.
His hand is open always to supply,
And always bless the abject sinner's cry,
May heaven reward thy generous acts above
When breaks the light of everlasting love.

Dr. Dixon and the Hospital.

And here beneath, your Dr. Dixon's care,
The patient convicts every mercies share,
And what man's heart for human woe can feel,
When strength declines or human reasons reel,
When friends of youth have all forsook and gone
His noble heart can beat for them alone,
When every aid that human skill can give
The heart beats slow and they dispair to live,
He stays their friend whose profound sympathy
Can reach them there drinking eternity,
And point their heart to God's compassioned breast
Where sinners may hope there for future rest.
Through those dear wounds that open'd from his side
When oozed the stream and swelled the purple tide,
The deepest sins have here been once forgiven,
And rebel man prepared in peace for heaven.
This place adorned with beauties perfect style
Accommodates below, in them awhile
Two dozen souls, whose blasted health may twine,
And lingering life beneath its shades repine;
Above, twelve more of beautious rooms adorned,
A prince may sue and kings would not have scorned;
Their windows hold sweet nature's flowers green,
Their floors superb, and all transparent clean.

MR. MCKENZIE *Hospital Keeper.*

And through long hours the busy feet of one
Whose kindest heart their confidence hath won
By deeds of love and tender sympathy,
That swiftly tread to hear their pitying cry.
McKenzie, thou whose noble mind and heart
To all their woe can'st feel a tender smart,
And often fly their dying words to hear
When billows roll as life's sins make them fear;
Thou lovest to soothe that lingering patient's breast
'Fore death's strong arm commits them to their rest.
Did'st thou not too forego some happy themes
That roam thy brain, and haunt betimes thy dreams,
As in those days when thou wer't young and free,
When thy sweet harp charmed happy melody;
That harp's now hung, as Israel's son of old,
On willow boughs, with strings of yellow gold;
But yet, thy heart can chime to the deep woe
Thine eye beholds 'mid these dark scenes below.

MR. MCINTOSH, CLERK.

And McIntosh, whose busy laboring mind
Dispenses work of deep and subtle kind,
And watches o'er the various wide affairs
That tax the mind and wake important cares,
And justice pure doth reign within his breast,
While thus empowered, his conscience long may rest.

THE DOOR-KEEPERS.

And their are they who do here ably keep
The prison doors, while countless numbers sleep,
With powerful arms and massive nerve and will
To keep the strong and stealthy convicts still.
Old Scotia's Isle can boast of victories won,
And so can they who claim to be her son.

MR. WHITEHEAD, *Store-Keeper.*

Here Whitehead's pen in swiftest motion flies,
Devouring work that 'fore his vision lies,
Who'll watch the merchant's goods with eagle eye,
And 'gainst the wrong he would aloud descry.

ARCHITECT 1ST, CORNAL POWERS; 2ND, MR. MILLS: 3RD, MR. COVERDALE; 4TH, MR. HORSEY.

Here Cornal Powers, who first designed the plan,
Is with Mills gone their bright career is run,
And Coverdale who carried on the same
With firm resolve, and gained an honor'd name;
But Horsey's here to climax the design,
And gain the wreath that 'round his brow'l entwine.

CLERGY—MR. MULKINS, PRO.; MR. CONELARD, CATH.

Two Chaplain's here on Sabbath day do preach
God's living word. If happily they may reach
Some convict's heart, and point him to his God
Who'll wash his crimes in the atoning blood.
Mulkins defends the Protestant belief,
Directs their souls where they may find relief;
And Conelard, whose heart can feel their loss,
In Catholic strains may point his to the cross.
Within those walls the Schoolmaster doth raise
The convict's mind to light of learning's rays;
How good is God in thus disposing man
To give poor souls the welcome aid they can.

Two hundred hands and nearly fifty more
Do work at shoes till labors hours are o'er;
The blacksmith too doth wield the hammers blow
In workman's style, his labor on must go
With those who cut the heavy rugged stone,
Uplift the blow and drop it one by one,
And also they who make bright furniture
That skill designs through distant time to endure.
O! these firm walls present a sullen gloom
Where labor pays the record of their doom;
And better far had crime not stained their hand,
Then could they roam at ease throughout the land.
Let these faint lines that reach the reader's ear
Alarm his breast and teach him God to fear.

THE ROCKWOOD LUNATIC ASYLUM.

'Mid numerous scenes, with thousand thoughts that crowd
The poet's brain, that swells of passions proud;
Transferred away from thousand busy throngs
His powers awake, and his proud harp prolongs
Her happy strains on themes of ancient song
Worthy some brighter powers and nobler tongue.
Godess of art! I see thy wonders pour
In majesty around this favor'd shore;
Before my eye thy massive plans do lay
Conceived by thought, that flings a lustrous ray
Around the brow of Coverdale, whose name
Should well be wrote in lines of gold for fame,
And e'er transferred through distant time afar,
Whose light doth shine like some bright glorious star.
The hand of time has stamped upon his face
Deep wrinkles o'er, and marr'd his youthful grace
And travelling mind, in giving birth to thought
Has mark'd his brow that is of furrows fraught;
Though freshness beams yet throughout every line
From his warm heart to move this pen of mine,
He doth combine within his spacious mind
Deep powers of thought and genius of a kind,
That slow and sure, but well projected thought
That stems time's tide as things of value ought.
I gaze profound upon his master-piece
Near shores where waves their gentle murmurs cease,
I dash my boat against the murmuring tide
And northward gaze upon its southern side;
She lifts superb her towering head on high,
Her glittering dome attempts to reach the sky,
Talking with clouds that bend a listening ear
To her proud dome that courts their presence here,
And heaven's own hosts do bend to kiss her spire,
And from its height would bend their pinions higher,
And spurning earth do plume their golden wing,
And tower away their happy song to sing.
Its central hall presents a beautious face
Whose windows decked in all the modern grace;
Its pillared door englass'd, shines to the eye
Presenting forms of beautious majesty;
Its glittering windows barr'd by rich design

In size with glass that forms the window pain,
For barrs like prisons would their minds enrage
Should they conceive they're there as in a cage.
From centreing dome two wings extendeth wide
Like feathered birds that love display their pride,
If their gold wings can shed a lustrous hue
To charm the eye and please our passions true.
Each wing apace has thirty-eight or more
Windows that light the traveller to the shore,
Should some dark night their troubled bark o'ertake
And struggling cry upon the stormy lake;
Were they all lit they'd guide the sailor's eye
To shores where hearts would listen to their cry,
And at each end two other massive halls
In equal pride do rise their hugious walls,
From hence project two other wings beside
Of pondrous size, and rise in graceful pride,
And heaven dare tell where—where this building goes,
For I persume no human wisdom knows!
Its size immense, and tells how great the plan
Conceived in thought by that illustrious man
Whose name will last and ring for evermore
'Round these bright scenes blessed by its pebbled shore
Where fifteen more of similar windows gaze
To please the eye and all our powers amaze.
The central dome includes a cistern neat,
In depth one yard across two dozen feet,
Where evermore the Lake's pure water's thrown
Projected there by powers of stream alone;
One hundred feet and twenty more beside
These waters come above the levelling tide,
And pour in pipes throughout the wide domain
To quench their thirst or cool their brow of pain;
A Chapel too 's enclosed within this wall
Where glimmering mind may for God's mercy call,
And guided right to seek that gilead balm
Who'l pardon grant, and give an heavenly palm.
Poor shipwreck'd man, the bard doth drop one dew
Of crystal tear, if not of purple hue,
And curse foul sin that ruined noble powers,
And blasting bliss round this wide world of ours.
Proud reason's law deserted her high throne
'Mid passion wild in frightful aspects groan,

Compassioned God, O! pity these in love,
Haste! haste!! kind heaven to take each up above,
Where mind will reign and nothing marr its peace
Nor blight its joys when countless ages cease,
But supercedes this world of sin and woe
Such praise that will in heavenly accents flow.

ROCKWOOD HALL,

The residence of Dr. Litchfield, the Governor of the Asylum.

My muse again by other themes is fired,
Some power decends, the harp's again inspired,
The happy home of Dr. Litchfield here
Disturbs its strings with every feeling dear;
It sings of him deserving richer song
From abler powers and far more classic tongue,
Whose heart benign, sheds every virtue forth,
So fails my song describe its utmost worth.
Beneath his eye dwells minds whose ample store
Of knowledge deep is drawn from founts of yore,
The classic streams were drained in early youth
By his vast powers that thirsted after truth;
Beside this wealth, the gentle man so pure
Beams gently forth, proud reason to allure;
His manner pure, a Chesterfield would grace,
With every virtue shadowing his face.
Canadian minds, why! why! condemn as wrong
The polished grace that falls form English tongue,
Beneath may lie humility and grace
That angels would in eager footsteps trace,
And now my song thou cans't in full declare
Thou sawest them here in all their lustre glare,
The scholar pure, the man of mind and truth,
With every good increased from days of youth.
The perfect friend of poor disabled man,
Whose tears for woes and human sorrows ran
With that pure gift and faculty of soul
Who can divine the maniac to control,
And I have proved his genial power o'er
The maniac's mind amid their sorrows sore,
His power will charm as with some magic wand,
Whose spell may wonder thousands in the land,
His gracious home, well founded on a rock,

'Mid woods that wave, and smiles at earthquake's shock;
Its beautious front in majesty on high
As some grand home beneath our English sky,
With velvet lawns that passions may admire,
Where roams some Lord or titled Sir or Squire,
Listening to birds whose wings of every hue
Chant happy songs with strains of music true.
The poet stray'd with him around those walks
Where th' muse took fire and caught those thoughts it talks;
And I may tell of power he had to chain,
And win the heart, its confidence to gain,
To make you feel you roam with such friend
Whose manners charm, and grace here knows no end;
Beneath his roof the bard did happy sing,
And soar aloft as on eagle's wing,
And shared a part of hospitality
That freely flows from his benignity.
The muse would love to be employed to tell
Of Rockwood scenes that would my poem swell;
But other scenes invite the poet's lyre
Which yields to them that can its muse inspire.
Dear Doctor live to bless thy fellow-man,
And carry out thy well projected plan;
Already time bestrews around thy head
Its numerous streaks of white or silvery thread,
And when its hand will lay thy gentle brow
Low in the tomb, and all its lustre bow,
May angels then conduct thy soul away
Where breaks the light of heaven's eternal day.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

From whence! from whence! thou Crystal Palace pure;
Whence thy four wings that doth the eye allure?
Did Grecian God's, as wandering in the sky,
Drop thee by chance from their bright throne on high?
Thou stand'st aloof, unlike the homes of earth,
With some pretence to own immortal birth;
The eye's enchained by all thy sparkling light
That from afar is shewn in colors bright,
And spreads abroad in all its wild array
As birds of wings whose glorious hues display.

Beneath thy shade the poet's mental powers
Do soar aloft to those celestial bowers
Of Eden bliss, where gold and crystal pure
Of heavenly worth shall evermore endure,
If thou of earth the mind's celestial fire
Expands itself and takes thee with it higher.
O ! is it so, these crystal wings of thine
Delude my eye till they appear divine,
Impressing mind that I am taken far
To distant shores, where burns heaven's glorious star,
That I forget that I'm in earth or heaven
Where lasting joys are to each spirit given ;
And were I here on some fine day of spring
When bands may chime and juvenile voices sing,
How would the bard around this spot rejoice,
And join the song with an enraptured voice,
And that fine power that dwells within his mind
Convert the scenes to some celestial kind,
And his young heart, until these scenes were o'er,
Dream it were high on some celestial shore.

WESLEYAN CHAPEL.

The intrepid sons of that immortal mind
Stored with deep grace and knowledge of all kind,
Are here alert, seeking with steady eye
The souls of men, for seats of bless on high,
Where burning truths that glowed in Wesley's soul
In heavenly flame, and brilliant volumes roll,
Where Gemley's mind so fraught with knowledge pure
With the same truths their minds doth of't allure,
And breaks of light of a celestial flame
By which his sires gained their immortal name;
And Clarkson too, whose silvery language pores
Some heavenly balm to fall on human sores ;
Their beautious Church all decked in work of art,
'Round other scenes this fain would take the start,
Raising on high its bright and sparkling spire,
That towers aloft above all others higher.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Here Scotia's sons of giant mental power
On learning's hill do rise their watch-guard tower

To gaze abroad, and watch what form the foe
May yet attack God's truth as long ago;
Their hand uplifts the mighty weapon word
That bow'd strong hearts by this all conquoring sword,
And struck with might, the infidel withdrew,
To own its power to be divinely true.
Their house of God is sacredly enclosed
Where nature's charms are daily their imposed;
God's servant too, a lovely home they give,
Where he and all his family do live;
But mourn, my song, that now no more doth swell
The gifted thoughts that from his tongue of't fell;
Yea, those sweet lips that poured on them the dew
Of heavenly grace in language mild and true,
It silent lies within the pallid tomb
Which throws around his home a solemn gloom,
His mantle fell on Inglis, who doth wear
Its sacred folds, and doth God's truths declare,
May his career be bright and lustrous too,
And feed Christ's flock with heavenly pasture true.

DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

John Creighton, Esq., Mayor.

Kind heaven let fall upon my mental power
Thy gracious dew to move my song this hour,
And ope my eye to read those virtues bright
That shine supreme in characters of light
Upon thy noble front and tow'ring brow,
That claims my strains of inspiration now,
I name the Mayor, whose various virtues move
Upon the mass to gain their heart's of love;
Whose firm resolve, whose industry and strength
Of moral force have gained all hearts at length,
To raise on high those virtues into power,
Where they may bloom, and in new lustre tower,
This said, may move some kindred minds to deeds
Within whose breasts may lie celestial seeds,
That by degrees may raise thos owers on high
To thrones aloft, to light the moral sky,
And where may shine their noble powers of mind

To scatter light of intellectual kind.
The world improves, it eyes the moral worth,
And would let shine those noble virtues forth
To prove its love to dignity and truth,
Reward the powers of struggling minds of youth
Who break their way by firm resolve along,
Whose deeds are loved and praised by angel's tongue.
They honor too, those lustrious parents dear
Who early trained their mind to never fear
Nor falter aught in climbing to that fame
Of value, more than an immortal name.
Accept, dear man, this tribute of my song,
Deserving praise from a more gifted tongue;
Long may'st thou live, those virtues mild to shine,
Till moved to bliss and glory all divine,
Where virtue towers on that perennial shore,
And shine in bliss with God for evermore.

Mr. Charles Sangster, the Poet.

And Kingston list around thy sacred shore
The son of song aloft to heaven did soar,
And wander'd far beyond the humble bound
Where roams thine eye across heaven's dome around,
He breaks apace God's palace to survey,
Where roam the stars and Hesperus away;
His well-winged muse hath passed the milky way,
And worlds on worlds, to heaven's effulgent day,
Where God in bliss ineffable doth shine,
Where stands the throne and burns the eye divine,
Lighting that world where thrones of millions fall,
And God in Christ is crowned there Lord of all;
Before which throne, in angel lustre rise
That seraph form which ravish'd mortal eyes,
But passed away into that "silent land,"
And there remains among that cherub band
Waiting awhile to see death's arrow fly
To pierce his breast, and fetch his soul on high,
Where "silent land" will be a land of song,
Where gifted souls so dear, bloom ever young,
And all their power in their full orb will shine
Reflecting lustre 'round the throne divine.

MRS. PROF. WEIR.

And here, perchance, may dwell that kindred soul
Within whose breast strong waves of passions roll,
Beneath a mind of't kindled by their fire,
That thrills the harp and sounds th' aolian lyre,
And happy sung in strains that reach'd the throne,
And Majesty did bow her powers to own;
Whose angel song stole o'er that royal breast,
And hushed its woes, and caused its sorrow rest,
And Britain's crown and sceptre moves to hear
That song divine that falls from Mrs. Weir;
The music heard feel deep upon the soul,
Where troubled waves of dreadful anguish roll,
It hushed those storms as did the voice of God
Genessert's pool and winds that rush'd abroad.
Thy royal mind, in silent hours, will roam
Across the sea to view her happy home,
And twine betimes around that beautious mind,
Where happy thoughts do roam of various kind,
So full of fruit that hang in yellow hue,
Right full of sap, made ripe by heavenly dew,
In fancy then will pluck again that bough
That in life's spring casts forth its snowy blow.
Sweet harp divine, nor stay thy happy lay
Till heaven may shine on thee immortal day,
Then sing aloft with that eternal throng
Blooming in beauty that's forever young.

MR. FRANZ STABB, *Music Teacher.*

My muse would brood o'er such a soul as thine,
Where music dwells in power almost divine,
And feels the fire that burns within thy soul
Fall on my own, where kindred passions roll;
Then swell my song in strains that angel's chime
As human thought breaks forth in mortal rhyme,
Thy master hand that swept along the lyre
Becomes sublime as thy breast gathers fire,
May not some band from the celestial shore
Steal down betimes to hear thine anthems pour
Their new-born strains upon the empassioned breast
Akin to song in worlds of blissful rest,
If so, wil't thou when songs of earth will die,
And earth's proud harps in crumbling ashes lie,

Wil't thou, I ask, while with us here below
Seek happier songs of Jesu's love to know,
That thou this gift in heaven may yet employ
Where swell the songs of everlasting joy.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Around the shade of thy projecting wall
Dwell sires and sons of such as Robert Hall,
Or Dr. Watts, whose towering soul no mind
Its utmost bound can fathom or yet find.
Yet here are they with mind as pure and good
Preaching the truth that lead men to their God.
Fenwick, whose powers and principles of mind
Beam hallowed light of some angelic kind,
He loves those truths his ancient fathers bought,
Teaches them here as veteran preacher's ought.
I know these truths, my mother's able soul
Engraved them deep within my powers whole,
And in their light the poet's early days
Were spent in bliss beneath their hallowed rays,
And though his mind has other thoughts of power
He fondly turns to days of childhood's hour,
And all the heart doth rise to love those men
That taught the muse her first faint thoughts to pen;
He gladly hails the walls that tower on high
Climbing in pride and grace toward the sky;
When finished here, may Fenwick's happy mind
And sweetest soul, its gracious virtues find,
To bless again through distant year's afar,
And shed the light reflecting from his star.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—REV. P. GRAY.

Here Scotia's son who'll grace effect to cause
And search so deep the principles and laws
Which govern God in his projected plan
To save a world of foul rebellious man,
He lifts those truths and principles divine,
In graphic stroke he makes their glory shine,

To awe the mind and bow with eloquence
Our powers of heart by floods that fall from thence,
He'll take you far in past eternity,
Unravel truths that hang mysteriously,
And ope them plain to th' enchanted ear
That we may know and learn that God to fear.

REV. MR. WILSON.

Here Wilson too, from the sweet emerald Isle,
The stranger's hand will grasp with happy smile,
And lead those sons that from its shores do come
To God's own house, and make them feel at home,
Where those old truths that sounded ever dear
Are heard anew in all their freshness here,
To bless the heart and to illume the mind
With gracious truth, celestial in its kind,
His ample love and missionary soul
Doth labour on throughout these suburbs all,
If happily he may pluck some burning brand
And guide his soul to the celestial land,
And builds the Church around the country far
To honour Christ, the bright and morning star,
The presbyt'ry do look and in him find
A servant true in labours of all kind.

THE POET'S ADIEU.

To thy bright shores the humble poet came,
No hopes beguiled, nor thirsted he for fame,
But left his muse free to dictate his song,
And pen bright thoughts in labor on his tongue;
No emblems pure, of pride or power had he,
No jewelled gold to shine refulgently,
Nor titled name to introduce to thee
His lineage long, or whence his pedigree;
No outward charms that could attract thy face
To cause thy love to pour on him its grace;
But yet! thy homes were freely made his own,
Thy tables spread with bounties overflown,

And every good that honor could bestow
Were freely given. While 'round thy skirts below
The titled Lord, the knighted Sir or Esquire,
Did welcome him around their family fire,
And nothing saw except some spark of soul
Betraying light throughout his vision whole;
As gems in jet do shine the brighter there,
That spark within may with that gem compare,
He lent it free, thy grandieur to extol
With all the fire of his poetic soul;
And now adieu, to lovely lake and shore,
Thy beautious isles which I may see no more,
I print a kiss, and fondly say farewell!
When wandering far I'll on thy glories dwell.
Farewell! ye halls of beautious Grecian pride,
Farewell! ye towers that breast the billowing tide;
O! fond adieu, ye glories of the lake,
And every scene that did my song awake;
Farewell! sweet youth, whose beauties win the heart,
How can the bard from such sweet souls depart;
Ye sons of law and learning, each adieu,
I left a thought of fond regard for you.
The Mayor, farewell! whose mild benignity
Enchained my song and swelled my poetry,
O! treat my song which flowed from a warm heart,
Yea, treat it kind, it cannot do you hurt;
But, peradventure may, some harp inspire,
To sing to thee with deeper bardic fire.
The bard may stray, as Byron stray'd before,
Sounding his harp on many a distant shore,
But says one truth, and after that, farewell!
He loved thy shore and will thy glories tell,
And trusts to meet thee evermore above
To sing again in everlasting love.

Note.—Since the above was in print, the author having occasion to stay in Kingston a few days longer, wrote on every object of note in the City, together with every person of celebrity, and not being able to print them in connection with this pamphlet he begs to state that he is publishing a volume on various subjects, and the remainder of this poem will appear in that book

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